

# The Bookshelves

*by* Deborah Oster Pannell

rows and sections of casually arranged selections  
well crafted but haphazard  
pretty objets d'art randomly placed as clues  
to significant life moments and revealing preferences  
my mother was an interior designer  
she would have clucked her tongue  
her head cocked to the side  
as she adjusted something to her liking  
just enough to make me feel irritable  
and criticized

